

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 34.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1854.

PRICE 1½d.

THE BRINGING FORTH OF THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

THE mechanical wonders of the daily newspaper have been described a hundred times. We have been made familiar with the great inventions whereby so many thousand lines are put into type, and so many thousand copies laid on the breakfast-tables of the country; the lines having been only a dozen hours before in manuscript, and the copies blank paper. In truth, it would be difficult to point out any fact which combines in itself so many of the prodigious successes of modern science, as the great fact of a London morning paper lying upon an Edinburgh counter at eight o'clock in the evening. Twenty-four hours before, the matter of two octavo volumes existed only in manuscript—part of it, indeed, in the brain of certain persons, at a distance of four hundred miles.

The mechanical arrangements by which this feat is effected are, as has been said, sufficiently familiar to most people: of the intellectual arrangements, much less is known. Few ever think of the direct process whereby such a heterogeneous mass as the columns of daily papers present, is collected, digested, and put into forms so clear, regular, and connected, during the course of one-half of a single night; or how half-a-dozen articles—which would be among the brightest in a collection of essays—are thrown off at an hour's notice, with small preparation, amid the confusion of facts yet uncertain, and after the toil and pressure of the labour of the day. It may be interesting to watch, during its progress, the development of a daily newspaper.

Enter the working-office of the paper in the middle of the day: it is like a geological interval between the extinction of one creation and the formation of another. You go up a narrow, creaking staircase—dirty and inky—such as would disgrace a collier. Everything is still. Half-way up, in a little dusty room, sits a man with a pot of porter before him; he wonders what on earth you can want at that time of day. If you succeed in penetrating to the working-room—not yet put in order—your impressions will be curious. On one side lie the slips of an article which cost the writer infinite pains and satisfaction—on another, the fragment of a dispatch, containing news of the utmost importance, which excited the whole office at its arrival. Both are now interesting myriads of people at a distance of many miles. Here they are crammed into a corner, covered with dirt, and forgotten by the persons who, a few hours before, were so much interested and excited about them. A new world is about to dawn upon the newspaper, and the past is already sunk and forgotten.

The newspaper world never thinks again of a thing when it has once done with it: with that world, each day's work is like the May-fly—brilliant and rapid for its hour, then lost upon the winds.

At the same time the editor, four miles out of town, is taking his breakfast. He glances listlessly over his paper, just to see how it looks; but it is a thing gone by with him as with the rest of his world: he would be lucky if, till his hour of duty, he could forget altogether that such a thing as a newspaper existed: but this is a happiness not allowed to editors of daily papers. At every sip of his tea—amidst the prattle of his family—amidst the chat of his friends—the inquiries of his wife—rises in dreary solemnity the image of the next morning's paper. Never did coming event cast its shadow before more effectually than the coming newspaper throws its shadow over the mind of its ill-fated editor. What are to be the general subjects for the day—the particular subjects, of course, depend upon what may turn up—whether he shall be indignant on judicial abuses—proud of commercial prosperity—virtuous on the rich—sentimental on the poor—indulgent towards the Lords—piquant towards the Commons—all this—how it is to be done, and who is to do it, will intrude upon his thoughts, however closely he may fix his eyes on the flaxen hair of his pet daughter, or the bright illustrations of the last new publication.

But between him and his next paper there yet intervenes an important ceremony: he has to meet the proprietors at four o'clock. In the old times, those of which our fathers have told us, these meetings were very pleasant. When there was yet a race amongst the newspapers for the first place in influence and profit—ere a single publication had overshadowed all the rest—when personal communications from men of official rank were matters of course—when the destinies of the country seemed to hang upon the press—when the great public pressed less, and great people pressed more upon the newspapers—when the race for earliest intelligence was eager and fiery, and £200, and occasionally very much more, would be spent on a single dispatch—in those days, the four o'clock meetings embraced matters of extraordinary interest and excitement. It is much duller work now. If the paper succeeds so far as to pay a dividend, the eagerness of gain sends the proprietors—starched, white-cravated men—closely into the accounts; the penny-a-line book is too large; a reporter may be dispensed with at such a court; a correspondent at such a station. If the great topics of the day are touched upon, it is in the mercantile view of circulation. If a great name is to be connected with the establishment, it is asked if it will increase the sale. If, on the other hand, the affair

does not pay, the poor editor has a sad game to play: his mode of handling general topics, the style of his articles, his choice of features, his management of contributors, and a thousand other matters, are liable to be discussed in an impatient and cross-grained humour, which is not likely to lighten the mind of a man who has a mental burden of such weight to lift and carry every day of his life. It is true, there is commonly a business-manager attached to the paper, who ought to take much of this off the editor's hands; and so he generally does, under new arrangements and new proprietors. But the editorial duties are so intimately connected with the business, under all its forms, that the load gradually and naturally slides from the manager to the editor, who ends by having all the plague, whether he has ostensibly the business or not.

It is seldom the fortune of the editor to fall upon the golden days of a large profit; then, indeed, these annoyances are spared him, and his position is in many respects enviable. The next best position to this is to have rich proprietors, who have taken the paper for the purpose of promoting a crotchet or a principle, and are comparatively indifferent as to the expenses. A few strong articles, good personal praise, and a special tone, suffice to keep these men in good-humour; and their editor has an easy time. But this seldom lasts. Such a hobby is terribly expensive, and wearies out most people after a few months.

Our editor has got rid of his proprietors; he has now his contributors to attend to; persons from influential quarters with messages or articles, are to be seen and satisfied; new hands are to be engaged for the Gallery, or elsewhere. No wonder the candidate is somewhat fidgety at the approach of the great *chef*, for it is a question with him between starvation and L.300 a year. It is one of the misfortunes of metropolitan journalism, that its members, instead of beginning with small salaries, and rising gradually and certainly, begin at once with five guineas a week. With this they live famously for a time; but a change intervenes; they are thrown out, and left with nothing. But we cannot stop now to dilate on a subject on which so much might be said, and on which so much depends in the state of modern literature. The editor has fulfilled his engagements; let him go home to his dinner; we shall not want him again till nine.

Meanwhile, the editorial apartments begin to exhibit some slight signs of life. A few packets have found their way to the tables—some of the reports of the day, parcels from penny-a-liners, and letters of correspondents. One or two of the parliamentary staff drop in, to make inquiries about the arrangements of the evening. It is a slight gust before the evening's storm, and drops into silence soon after five.

Between seven and eight, in walks the sub-editor, and with him begins the regular business of the evening. He is a pale, worn-looking man the sub-editor. Hard and drudging work all through the dark hours, from seven till four, six days out of the seven, and with only a fortnight's holiday in the year, tell grievously on a man's constitution. He is well paid; but where is the enjoyment of money to one whose day is spent in providing rest against the exigencies of the night? However, rested or not, there he is, looking on the accustomed packets upon his table. Half of these—reports of the law-courts, or communications from known and accredited persons—he hands at once to the printer without further examination. He then sits down to the 'flimsy,' as the communications are called of the penny-a-liners—who, by the way, should be 'three-halfpence-a-liners,' three-halfpence a line being their usual honorarium. With these gentlemen he has a world of trouble. Being paid by the yard, they have of course a direct interest in lengthening their measure. This they might do by amplifying incidents, or inventing a few supplementary particulars; but this the

penny-a-liner never does; although, for the most part, the poorest of poor fellows, he is thoroughly conscientious as to matter of fact. His amplifications are sentences of pathos, compound epithets, and little pieces of humour. He has, perhaps, sent in some penny-a-lining matter every day of his life for ten years. During that time, he has certainly never known a single instance in which his pathos, his humour, or his epithets, have actually found their way into print. The sub-editorial pen is most ruthless in its erasures. The sub-editor, too, having often the choice of several accounts of the same occurrence, chooses naturally that with the least ornamental superfluity, as giving the least trouble. Yet, nothing can cure these gentlemen of their passion for eloquence. The same heroic flourish in a shipwreck, the same magnificent indignation in a murder, expressed in terms of sublimity which Milton never thought of, still, night after night, solicit publication, only to have it refused. The heroism of genius must be truly great to resist such eternal rebuffs! If authors lose half their praise, because it never can be known what they blot, what is to be said of penny-a-liners?

The foreign editor, or rather sub-editor, makes his appearance about half-past eight. This functionary, like others, has of late years had his glories dimmed. The incessant activity of 'our own correspondent' leaves him little to do. His work, in former times, used to include the memorabilia of all Europe: at present, it is mainly confined to what is found in the German papers. These multifarious productions, from holes and corners beyond the reach of the corresponding system, often contain facts of interest when least expected. These, and a few gleanings from the Italian papers, form the substance of the foreign work now done at home; and this last source produces so little as to be scarcely worth notice. In these days, when periodical-writing reaches every extreme, from the highest point to the lowest, it would be difficult to find any publication more utterly lifeless, pointless, and uninteresting, than an Italian newspaper.

A heap of country newspapers is lying on the table. If these papers were what they ought to be, they might furnish our sub-editor with the means of placing the state of the nation before the public with unrivalled certainty and completeness. In the country districts, the workings of the law, the state of prisons, of workhouses, of agriculture, of religious opinion, are known to every diligent inquirer; and if these things were properly gathered by the local editors, the daily papers in the metropolis could form a summary of the great facts of the nation, which would utterly throw into the shade the reports of parliamentary commissions. England might know itself every week, instead of waiting for enlightenment every two or three years at the hands of peripatetic philosophers, who have just begun to comprehend the district, when they are called somewhere else. Unfortunately, the local newspaper, with a very few exceptions, tells nothing of all this. Observe how languidly our sub-editor glances over its columns, as if fulfilling a duty he cared little about, and from which he expected but small fruits. His scissors are inserted at last, only to cut out the notice of the consecration of a church, a colliery accident, or a cabbage of preternatural growth. Let such country papers as aim at higher things, pardon us if we lament that so few of their brethren resemble them: great are the opportunities of all, since the country knows or can know the country, while London is far from having the power of knowing London. Hitherto, there has been little either of excitement or amusement in the office; the first sounds of either come from the Reporters' Room. By this time the debates have become heavy, and have brought with them a host of anecdote—the snubbing given by the minister to a troublesome querist, the absurd look of such a member when he

was called to order, the bull of one man, the fantastical argument of another, are—or rather were, for we must again speak in the past tense—an unfailling source of jest and merriment—often just, piquant, and well aimed. They were a gay, rattling set, too, the reporters, with their working-coats, which might have come fresh from Houndsditch, capering and playing pranks in a close, mouldy room, black with the ink of ages. Now, the liberality and sense of convenience of the parliament and its architect have spoiled all the fun. In the gentlemanly, well-contrived lobbies of the Reporters' Gallery is to be found all the accommodation requisite for giving the senatorial eloquence in its full detail. The reporters work silently, under the eye of authority, with the leaden atmosphere of legislation pressing heavily upon them. They make but little use of the jolly old room at the office. They have become, in consequence, staid and gentlemanly themselves, as befits official functionaries, many of them appearing in the gallery in dress fit for a dinner-party, and which would have struck their predecessors with astonishment. The tact necessary for a reporter is greatly diminished. Of old, it was a great point when an eminent speaker fell to the turn of the reporter best qualified to manage him. One was good for an argumentative, another for a humorous debater. At present, the great speeches are written out at full length, or if shortened, it is by omission rather than abridgment. A simple readiness in short-hand serves instead of the able and often singular dexterity with which the reporters in past days were wont to condense without injuring the wit, wisdom, and follies of parliamentary effusions. Condensation is now chiefly applied to unimportant speeches, where the style matters but little.

At about half-past nine, the editor himself makes his appearance. By this time it has become tolerably clear, as a general rule, what will be the special demands on his attention: it is but seldom that, after this hour, either news arrives or anything turns up in the debates requiring a special article. He is, therefore, able at once to arrange the subject of the one or perhaps two leading articles not already provided. Sometimes, however, it is necessary, from some unforeseen occurrence, to get up a leader at a later hour; and the commotion to obtain at a moment's notice the right thing from the right person, is quite wonderful. This is what the continental papers find most to admire in the English. Their articles are uniformly got up the day before; their writers have no notion whatever of working on the spur of the moment. The Paris paper of Tuesday is settled, written, and half printed by noon on Monday—at a time when an English newspaper would scarcely have its doors open, and more than half its staff would be fast asleep. Some of the very best articles in our papers have been written in this hasty way: the hurry of the moment produces a vigour and excitement *sui generis*; but it is not everybody who is to be trusted, for as there is no time to look up facts, a man not perfectly careful, or not perfectly well informed, may be betrayed into awful blunders.

The editor then lounges probably into the sub-editor's room, to hear the day's scandal, and form some estimate of the space and importance of general topics. This is by far the most lively time of newspaper work. You have the consciousness of living a day earlier than the rest of the world; occurrences are fresh, and have not been spoiled by the jokes and commentaries of the herd; the masquerade-dresses of the world are new again, and you have the first look at them. Editorial feelings require some such stimulus to brace and nerve them to the proper point.

With a tolerably clear idea of his paper now before him, the editor re-descends to his room. His next task will be one of much more importance than is generally suspected. He opens the mass of correspondence which

has accumulated during the day. In the multitude of facts, incidents, grievances, suggestions, offered by this correspondence, lies an immensity of the special interest attaching to the chief morning paper. The other newspapers get the individual political opinions of their own set, but very little beyond. On the other hand, the mass of fact alone in the occasional correspondence of the *Times*, is sufficient to set up an ordinary paper. Besides these, there are the whims and caprices of all the world; the thousand little adventures, fancies, and whimsies, which bubble up in the everyday life of ten millions of people; all the multifarious mishaps, hopes, fears, and ideas of twenty-four hours of society—matter much more amusing than private strictures on this or that debate; or the solemn assurance of A. B., that Lord C. is the worst man possible for the duties of his office. The variety of topic, style, and feeling, in the 'letters to the editor,' is worth anything to the said editor: it saves him a world of thought and trouble in his efforts to vary and enliven his paper. The choice given to the editor of the *Times* in the myriads of the letters he receives, is no small element in the success and superiority of the journal. Another point to be observed is, that a man, writing under the smart of provocation or injury, usually writes forcibly; and many of these letters—the majority of them, indeed—are singularly well written. Their business, matter-of-fact, and often homely style, serve admirably to set off the studied tones of communications purely literary. The letters to the other papers are not from the same class of persons: they come from talkers at the clubs, oracles of a set, who have picked up one of the threadbare coats of a great question, and send it, with their compliments, to the editor. This matter settled, our editor, if the news and topics of the day are not particularly heavy, unlocks his desk, and extracts therefrom sundry articles of literature on general topics, selecting, for variety's sake, that which contrasts most with the rest of his night's matter. In its reviews, the *Times*, again, occupies a peculiar position. The other papers usually intrust the reviewing duty to some of the staff of reporters. These men are clever and trustworthy, and a partial notice is a great rarity; but they are wont to look upon their task as a work of supererogation, of which it is their principal business to get rid as soon as possible. The *Times*, on the contrary, seldom reviews, except when it intends to produce an effect; intrusts the work to a specialist; and has frequently published some of the most striking pieces of criticism in our literature. To create an effect, wherever an effect is possible, has been uniformly the tactics of that paper, and we all see their success.

In other respects, the daily papers present but little difference in their critical character. None is very ambitious of literary distinctiveness. The case is different with another class of articles, some of which are probably before our editor amongst the treasures of his drawer. These are the occasional—or, as they are called, somewhat technically, 'headed articles'—essays on every kind of topic, from an emperor to a potato. The *Times* is not very partial to these things, though they owe their importance in some respects to that paper. Its famous 'Irish Commissioner' was an experiment which succeeded beyond expectation. It was the first great attempt on the part of a newspaper to gather general information as distinct from news. Its success induced other attempts—there were commissioners on English agriculture, on the labouring-classes, both here and in other countries, which produced a few good articles, but failed to compensate the newspapers for their expenses—necessarily great. The occasional papers are, therefore, left to chance contributors. The *Morning Post* is gay, graphic, and descriptive; the *Daily News*, statistical and politico-economical; the *Morning Advertiser* ferrets out jobs and abuses. These are the three papers most addicted to headed articles.

They are amongst the most convenient resources to an editor—out of the session—in making up his paper.

About this time drop in the musical and dramatic criticisms. If the rapidity of our political writing startles occasionally the continental journalist, the rapidity of our critical writing ought to startle him still more. Political writers can sometimes take their time—the newspaper critic never. A notice—two newspaper columns in length—is handed in at half-past one of an entertainment scarcely over at twelve. Janin or Berlioz would shudder if the editor of the *Débats* were but to hint at the possibility of their undertaking such a task even on a single occasion. It is true, the work looks more than it is, for all the historical part of the notice—whether of an opera or a singer—is written beforehand. Still, all the criticism on the performance must be written on the spot; and it is really curious to see the critic, in a tavern close by the theatre, with his brandy-and-water, or yet more vulgar porter, before him, writing at furious speed, and stopping to sip or joke with a companion, for your dramatic critic never writes alone, if he can help it. Companionship stirs up his imagination, besides being otherwise useful. The feat is—all things considered—a great one, but we fear we must add, that criticism suffers in consequence. Undoubtedly, the worst part of a daily paper is its dramatic criticism; the hurry to which we have alluded is in part the reason; but there are other reasons too. Obligated, by the system, to make something of every occasion, when there is, in reality, nothing to be said, the writer takes refuge in pedantic terms, or extravagant praises, to conceal the poverty of his matter. The praise is sometimes carried to an extent nothing less than ludicrous. A common performance on the bass fiddle will be characterised as 'marvellous,' 'perfect,' 'thrilling the audience,' and so forth, by an able writer, who, when he comes to the real triumphs of genius, has nothing higher to say, having already exhausted the language. On the other hand, if he had simply said, that the performance of A on the fiddle was good; of B on the flute was good; of C on the harp was good, his criticism would be laughed at for its tameness, and with reason. The fault is with those who compel him to say something when there is nothing to be said. The French plan of working-up all the dramatic and musical criticism of the week into a single article, has many advantages: it avoids hurry, and, giving a sufficiency of choice to the writer, prevents him from forcing barren subjects. There is, besides, another drawback on the English critical writing, arising from the simple cause, that the writers do not understand their subject. Men of general information, practised in the art of making dull topics lively, they are sent into the theatre or the concert-room, to make a spirited article, but a most preposterous criticism. The display of learning used on these occasions is, to the initiated, a source of abundant merriment. Professional men are very seldom able to write, and when they are, their strictures often savour so much of their own peculiar clique, that they are not to be trusted.

It is one o'clock, and the paper begins to assume a definite shape. As usual, there is too much matter in hand; the printer fidgets about the sub-editor's room, and looks nervously at new 'copy.*' He is quite a peculiarity in his way—the London master-printer in the newspaper office. A square, rotund man, with a high forehead, an intelligent eye, and a manner half-deferential, half-conscious of his own importance; giving serious and useful advice in the quietest possible form of good-natured complaint—he is never put out of his way, and never at a loss in cases of absolute necessity. 'This *can't* go in, sir.' 'It *must* go in.' 'Very well, sir,' is the regular colloquy, about this time of the

night, between the printer and the sub-editor. The printer's ingenuity in finding space is certainly wonderful, and his tact in suggesting what should be preferred for insertion, is of more value than editors choose to acknowledge. Much lies in the appearance and first aspect of the paper, and this the printer has fully before him; and even in the discernment of mere literary reasons, long experience and natural shrewdness make him a safe adviser. He never gives advice unless asked; but when it does come, it is almost always worth having. The reader does not know half his obligations to this functionary. The way in which articles are set up, made good-looking by a judicious arrangement of the paragraphs, and intelligible by a judicious arrangement of the types, does as much for the enjoyment of the said reader, as the efforts of much more pretentious personages. Many a young hand, who goes away with a dim idea that the worthy public next morning will not understand his lucubrations, is astonished to find how intelligible they have become, when he nervously glances over his paragraphs, and wonders at the effect which capitals, rules, and italics, have had in reconciling the different fragments of his text, and introducing a friendly light where he, in his inexperience, found a most uncomfortable mist.

By this time the office assumes a sad and tired appearance. The excitement of fresh news, the lively hurry of critics and reporters, the warm sensations of progressive toil, have all died away, and six hours' hard work is producing its effect. The editor is perhaps in the sub-editor's room, talking lazily over matters general and journalistic. The sub-editor, thoroughly worn out, is looking over proofs; a few empty bottles, blotted manuscript, cut newspapers, complete the dreariness of the scene. The printer alone moves alert and briskly—his excitement is only half over; besides, no one yet ever saw a printer tired. Five hours hence, he will be putting on his best coat, without exciting a suspicion that he had been working all night. For the rest, they are at no pains to conceal their weariness. If there has been a late debate, a reporter or two may yet be heard upon the stairs, with dull, heavy tread, as forlorn and dreary as the rest.

It was not always thus. Before railways and electric-telegraphs, the foreign expresses would come in at this time—twenty lines, paid for at the cost of hundreds—information wonderful and exclusive, which is to make the fortune of the paper for the next half-year—meetings in the far North, reported and carried two hundred miles in eight hours, at the cost of the death of a dozen horses. Then there was the wonder whether the same intelligence had reached their rivals—what was its real importance—how far it was true. In election-days, these expresses were wonderfully stirring: during an Irish turmoil, a reporter would be following the testy heels of an agitator for days, and sending his notes by a man who would write them out, ready for immediate printing, in a carriage dashing at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Alas! all this is over now. In their essence, railways and electric-telegraphs are wonderfully prosaic things: they do their business quickly; but where is the poetry, the spirit, the excitement of it? The racing post-horse, the steamer panting for its port, was worth, for the fun of the thing, a thousand railways and telegraphs, whose disdainful ease and selfish consciousness of power are enough to quench the fire of Homer himself. To be sure, there is something in the saving of some twenty thousand per annum, which the Indian expresses alone used to cost the newspapers. The economy may add to the comfort of the proprietor; but it is only another in the prosaic items of the present time. Even the pecuniary extravagance of old was infinitely amusing—except to those who had to pay; and even they were not always without a return. The rivalry of early intelligence

* Manuscript to be set into type.

kept up at once the sap, the spirit, and the equilibrium of the journals.

At present, if there is any exclusive intelligence sent in this way, the dreary hours of the earliest dawn are not enlivened by it. It makes its appearance at the garish hour of ten, telegraphed from the morning's advices, and destined for the prosaic readers of second editions—merchants in the City, and clerks in banking-houses.

No one who has not had experience in the newspaper, could imagine how long it takes to complete the minor details of arrangement. Things which look only like the offshoots of business—correcting proofs, cutting down paragraphs, after the great work appears to be entirely over: all these, and a hundred small matters, run away with one minute after another. Two hours after the last reporter has been asleep—three after the critic has done praising *prima donnas*, and torturing musical phrases—the editor has given his last instructions, and the sub corrected his last proof. They wend their way—the one in a cab to his cottage four miles off, the other on foot to his chamber in Clifford's Inn. The printers are left alone in the deserted office, working silently, diligently, and coldly. Hours, news, passion, opinion—all come alike to them. The most terrible incident, the most magnificent oration, is to them all so much bourgeois and breviter type. Erelong, the efforts of fifty men have placed in the hands of the machinist 200,000 words, of which scarcely one was printed twelve hours before. A new labour, not less wonderful than the rest, places 20,000 copies in the hands of the news-agent, ere the burgess and the squire have rubbed their eyes to the consciousness that a new day's intelligence is waiting, damp and uncomfortable, at their gates.

A VISIT TO HARTWELL.

NEARLY in the centre of Buckinghamshire, and forty miles to the north-west of London, stands the ancient borough-town of Aylesbury, a place of great consideration, some rights of which are still held by a singular tenure of William the Norman, which enjoins the lord of the manor to provide straw for the king's bed and chamber on royal visits. 'I hope,' says Camden, 'the nice part of the world will observe this.' Let us add our hope, that if it should please our gracious Queen to rest at Aylesbury, the straw may be of the finest and softest description. Besides the litter, the said lord was also bound to provide his majesty with three eels whenever he should come in winter; and in summer he was to furnish sweet herbs with the straw, and two green geese for the royal table—which fowls we take to mean Aylesbury ducks, for which that loyal borough is still famous.

The name of Aylesbury is imparted to a large and fertile vale which extends along the northern flanks of the Chiltern Hills, the teeming fertility of which has been acknowledged for ages. Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, old Michael Drayton thus wrote of it:—

Aylesbury's a vale that walloweth in her wealth,
And (by her wholesome air continually in health)
Is lusty, firm, and fat—her soil throughout is sure
For goodness of her glebe and for her pasture pure;
That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth breed,
For burthen and for bone, all other that exceed.

But even before the quaint poet sang the praises of Aylesbury Vale, the learned Camden had celebrated its fertility in good set Latin. 'The valley,' he writes, 'is almost all champaign, the soil chalky, stiff, and fruitful. The rich meadows feed an incredible number of sheep, whose soft and fine fleeces are sought after even from Asia herself.' In the northern part of this celebrated and very beautiful vale stands Hartwell House, sur-

rounded by its fine demesne; and here it is that we propose to ask our readers to spend a day with us during the leafy month of June.

And indeed we venture to say, that it would be difficult to select a more lovely sylvan scene within the same distance of London. The name is expressive of beauty, being derived from a hart or deer—a species which, according to Camden, abounded formerly in the woods of Buckinghamshire—and a well or spring, near the mansion, recognised by tradition as the one where harts formerly slaked their thirst: however that may be, a grateful quaffer of the lymph has sung:—

Stay, traveller! Round thy horse's neck the bridle fling,
And taste the water of the Hartwell spring;
Then say which offers thee the better cheer—
The Hartwell water or the Aylesbury beer!

Some ancient title-deeds belonging to Hartwell represent on the seal a deer drinking at a well, with a peacock's head attached to the back of the animal, which may explain why so many of these gaudy birds have been cherished from time immemorial in the vicinity of the mansion.

The goal of our pilgrimage is easily reached. The footway to it from Aylesbury, from which it is about two miles distant, lies along pleasant paths, and through fertile meads. With a liberality worthy of general imitation, the present proprietor of Hartwell not only throws wide open the gates of his beautiful demesne to all comers, but allows visitors to inspect his house, which, as we shall see, presents many objects of attraction to the antiquary and general visitor.

Nothing can be conceived more beautiful of its kind than the park which infolds Hartwell House within its umbrageous arms. Undulating, and presenting those soft, swelling, verdant waves which form so characteristic a feature of English parks, it is dotted with oases of stately trees, many of whose gnarled trunks tell of years now dim in the obscurity of the past. Under the Hartwell oaks, gather still, as in the olden time, country lads and lasses—for it is the especial wish of the present proprietor to keep up ancient games; and it is worthy of remark, that amongst the numerous tenantry are farmers whose names are nearly as old as their lord's family. The latter have been in possession of Hartwell since 1250; and this evidence of local stability is additionally and pleasingly strengthened by the fact, that there are still on the rent-roll the names of Monk, Horton, Gurney, and Flamborough, whose progenitors appear as tenants more than three centuries ago. With respect to the last-mentioned family, whose line still exists under the variation of Farmborough, it has been suggested that one of their number may have been the prototype of Goldsmith's honest farmer in his immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*. There is inferential testimony as to Oliver having visited Aylesbury; and from a dinner given to him at Bedford, he has perpetuated the epulinary powers of the corporation of that place in his play *She Stoops to Conquer*.

But, however unwillingly, we must pass from the park and its lovely sylvan scenes to the house, in which we had the happiness of being a guest for some days. This was erected in 1570 by Sir Thomas Lee, and, in accordance with the architectural fashion of that period, is Elizabethan. It is a noble structure, solidly built, and affording, in its Elizabethan details, sufficient variety to please and gratify the eye.

Beyond the first or outer hall is the great hall, in which mighty banquets were held of yore, and where the present tenantry are still hospitably entertained. The ceiling of this vast apartment is elaborately decorated with Sir James Thornhill's paintings, allegorically representing Genius writing History among the Ruins of Italy. That these pictures are highly appreciated by the tenantry, who frequent this hall, may be

doubted. It is said that at a recent audit-dinner, a gentleman asked the host whether the river-god over their heads represented Achelous; to which he jocosely replied: 'Perhaps so, but he's a calf-headed fellow at anyrate;' upon which a farmer gravely remarked: 'No, sir; that cannot be: his horns are too long.'

Beyond this fine hall are suites of apartments handsomely decorated, and hung with numerous pictures by Lely, Kneller, Vandyck, Ostade, Cuyp, Weenix, Reynolds, and other masters. Sir Joshua exerted his skill in perpetuating the Lees of his day, and he has left some other excellent specimens of his pencil at Hartwell, where he was a welcome visitor; but here the badness of his oils is unhappily very conspicuous in his pictures. Probably the most interesting portrait in the collection is that of Sir John Suckling, who was connected with the Lee family. It is by Vandyck, and is the portrait mentioned by Aubrey in his *Lives of Eminent Men*. The drawing-room, the windows of which have a southern aspect, and open on the pleasure, is a very elegant apartment, and is remarkable, likewise, for the gorgeous colouring of the walls, which are literally flooded with the prismatic colours. This startling effect is produced by a number of prisms in the windows, and is heightened by the colours being reflected in mirrors. This idea could have originated only in a philosophical mind, and Dr Lee, in fact, is a savant of no mean order, as the observatory which is attached to the house, and which has a world-wide reputation, attests. Before proceeding to this interesting apartment, let us glance at the noble library beyond which it is situated. This room, revealing the intellectual tastes of its owner, is filled with curious and valuable astronomical instruments, besides containing a rich collection of works treating of that science. From the union of the Hartwell, Colworth, and Totteridge libraries, together with the constant additions that have been made by Dr Lee, the collection is very extensive and valuable. The number of books is indeed so great, that some are to be found in almost every room in the house.

From the library, a corridor leads to the observatory, which, while commanding a wide expanse of the heavens, has the advantage of being attached to the house. It contains one of the finest equatorial telescopes in the world. The object-glass, which has an aperture of 59 inches, was purchased by Admiral Smyth from Sir James South, who brought it from the continent, and pronounced it to be *Tully's chef-d'œuvre*. A large amount of good astronomical work has been done with this instrument, the most important of which was the observation and measurement of double stars by Admiral Smyth, and the investigation of the wonderful phenomena of their colours. In this latter labour, we may mention that great assistance was derived from ladies, whose eyes were called into requisition on the occasion.

Adjoining the observatory is the chapel, which bears traces of the occupancy of Hartwell by Louis XVIII. and his family. Here are his *prie-dieu*, an elaborately carved altar, a fine missal, which belonged to the archbishop of Rheims, reading-desks, and other ecclesiastical relics. As we shall revert to this interesting period in the history of Hartwell, we shall now conduct our readers to the museum, which occupies the entire length of the northern side of the first floor. The great staircase conducting to it is a stately oaken structure of easy ascent and great breadth. The balustrades, at regular distances, sustain twenty-four carved oaken figures, mostly warriors with shields and drawn swords, who scowl fiercely and grimly on the visitor as he ascends to his bedroom. Indeed, seen by candlelight, which casts huge and distorted images on the walls, the effect is almost startling; and it was on this account that the queen of Louis XVIII. caused the

figures to be removed from their exalted position, and consigned them to a cellar, where they were found when the royal family departed.

A description of the museum would far exceed the limits of this paper. Suffice it to say, that it contains a vast assemblage of all kinds of curiosities, collected with great diligence and at much expense by Dr Lee, while he was a travelling bachelor of the university of Cambridge, and during later years. The Grecian and Egyptian antiquities are particularly numerous, and the geological and mineralogical department singularly rich. All the articles are named and described, and thus the visitor is instructed as well as interested while examining the collection.

On the same floor as the museum are the sleeping-apartments, any one of which would make half-a-dozen ordinary London bedrooms. That which was assigned to us was occupied by Charles X. when he was at Hartwell; and if vast space be necessary to royalty, assuredly the king must have been at home here. From the distant dusky corners which the candle but faintly illumined, it would not have been a difficult stretch of imagination to conjure ghosts, for the reader need hardly be told that Hartwell is tenanted by these unsubstantial beings. However, we must say we slept a long round sleep in the royal bed, without being in the slightest degree disturbed. But things might have turned out otherwise had we spent the night in the muniment-room, which is a very secluded apartment in a retired part of the house, and reputed to be the favourite abiding-place of the spirits of the departed, as it is the treasury of their wills, royal patents, court-rolls, &c., several of which bear dates anterior to 1290. Lined throughout, as the room is, with oak exquisitely carved, but black with age—dimly lighted by narrow oriel-windows, which spiders innumerable have been permitted, unmolested, to curtain with their webs, it may be supposed that the ghosts of Hartwell are not likely to be dispossessed of their retreat.

And now, before leaving the house, we must say a few words respecting its occupancy by Louis XVIII. of France, who, with his queen and suite of two hundred persons, lived here from 1807 to 1814. At that period, Hartwell belonged to Sir George Lee, Bart., who, being a bachelor, and not caring to live in his ancestral mansion, let it to the royal family for the annual rent of £500. Besides the constant residents, the king was frequently visited by French princes and emigrant nobles, who brought attendants with them. Thus the accommodation required was so extensive, that the halls, galleries, and large apartments were ingeniously divided and subdivided into suites of rooms and closets; and it was curious, as we were informed, to see how, with that method for management characteristic of the French, the second and third class showed themselves in the attics, converting one room into several by an adaptation of light partitions. On the ledges and leads of the roof they formed gardens, which were stocked with plants, shrubs, and flowers, contained in boxes; and they, moreover, kept fowls and pigeons there, so that the superstructure was thus loaded with many extra tons of weight; but all was well conducted and cheerful, and in the evenings there was music and dancing.

His majesty had probably, before taking up his abode at Hartwell, learned how

Sweet are the uses of adversity;

and when walking through the groves surrounding the house, must have felt, if he did not exclaim—

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?—Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

His majesty occupied much of his time in reading,

and throughout all his vicissitudes he retained his partiality for the classic writers, and especially for Horace, of which there is a curious instance on record. When his *fidus Achates*, the Duc d'Avaray, was compelled by illness to quit Hartwell for Madeira, he wrote from thence to his royal friend for some books, and among others, for a French translation of Horace. To this request Louis, having in part complied, returned the following answer:—

'Your commission about Horace was not so easy. There is a translation by the Abbé Desfontaines, but he got no further than the middle of the third book of the *Odes*, so that would not suit you.' And after alluding to other attempts, he adds: 'I see but one remedy—send me the list of odes you have, and I will endeavour to supply the deficiency by a humble attempt of my own.'

The royal version of the Venusian bard would, indeed, have been a welcome prize to a publisher; but if ever written, in all probability it was destroyed. It was this classical taste of the king's that led Lord Byron to write in his *Age of Bronze*—

Good classic Louis, is it, canst thou say,
Desirable to be the Desiré?
Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green abode,
Apician table, and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much rather to be scourged than schooled?

The calm tenor of the king's life at Hartwell was rudely broken by the death of his queen, which happened in 1810. This event seems to have been a heavy blow to him. Writing of it, he says: 'I freely confess that I was not aware I loved the queen so much as I now find I did.' And again, some months after her death: 'Fear nothing for my health: it has not suffered. I am already at the point where I fear I shall remain—no more tears, no more pangs of sorrow, but a sincere regret, a void in my life which I feel a hundred times a day.'

Comparatively tranquil as was his life here, the ambition of again wearing the kingly crown seems never to have deserted him. Small pamphlets, privately printed, calling on the French nation to restore him to his throne, were extensively circulated; and when the king left Hartwell, several hundreds of them were found in the rooms occupied by the archbishop of Rheims, who was the king's secretary. One of these pamphlets, given to us by Dr Lee, thus concludes:—'We will never abandon our right to be your sovereign. It is the heritage of our fathers. Frenchmen! we call upon you to do us justice.' Signed, 'Louis,' and Talleyrand Perigord, Archbishop of Rheims. Nor did the birth of Napoleon's son, when the former was in the zenith of his fortunes, disconcert the 'Sage of Hartwell,' as he was called. When the event so ominous to the Bourbon interests became known to him, it was treated with philosophic resignation and sarcastic dryness by Louis, who is reported to have said: 'So, then, we are to have a babe in the Napoleon family. Whether he is really the flesh and blood of the unhappy arch-duchess herself, or only an interloper smuggled into her bed-chamber, what care I? Many people look upon this event as highly important. I am not of that opinion. If God has condemned us to this tyranny, Bonaparte can never want a successor; if, on the other hand, the Divine wrath should pass away, all the babes in the world will not prevent the overthrow of the edifice of iniquity.'

At length the turn of fortune came: Napoleon I. fell, and Louis became the 'desired' of the French. But the news took the royal family by surprise. On the 25th March 1814 (Lady-day), they were at prayers, when suddenly two post-chaises were seen approaching the house, each drawn by four horses, and displaying white flags. The carriages contained deputies from

France, with the intelligence that Louis XVIII. was proclaimed. Hardly had the excitement occasioned by these joyous tidings moderated, ere another party of deputies arrived, charged to solicit the exile to return and take possession of his throne and kingdom. These gentlemen were ushered into the library, where the king signed the celebrated document, said to have been suggested by the supple Talleyrand, stating that he accepted and would observe the constitution of France. The pen with which the signature was written was preserved, and is to be seen among the memorabilia in Dr Lee's museum. The royal establishment, which was very handsomely kept up—£20,000 having been allowed to the king annually by our government—was forthwith broken up, and the king and his sister returned to France.

Beyond Hartwell, however, we have no concern with Louis; although we may state, in conclusion, that he did not leave his quiet and beautiful English home without regret; and various circumstances which occurred in France, testify that the royal family retained an agreeable and grateful recollection of their asylum in our country. A 'Jardin à la Hartwell' was constructed at Versailles, and other remembrances kept alive the memory of the past. The king was always glad to see any one from Hartwell; and as an instance of his condescension and kindness to his old friends, the following amusing anecdote is related:—On his journeys to and from the metropolis, Louis had been in the habit of changing horses at the King's Arms Inn, at Berkhamstead, the landlord of which had several daughters, with the eldest of whom, a very sensible young woman, he was very fond of chatting, and became highly pleased with her sprightly freedom of manner. On the triumphant journey to London, she rushed out to congratulate the king on his restoration—an attention which he received with great pleasure, and good-humouredly invited her to visit him in Paris. The young lady took him at his word; and on her arrival in that city, was provided with an apartment in the Tuileries. At her first interview with Louis, she asked his majesty whether he did not feel himself more comfortable in the retirement of Hartwell than amidst the toilsome parade of the Parisian court? To which the king replied: 'Madam, I have always felt it my duty to make myself comfortable in every situation to which I am called.' Louis, it is stated, treated his fair guest with uniform courtesy and respect.

LUCIFER AND THE POETS.

LUCIFER seems to be a favourite character with the poets. It would be interesting to present in one comprehensive tableau the different Satanic portraiture, or studies, which have variously exercised the poetic and artistic genius of ancient and modern times. The delineation of the Spirit of Evil, with his attributes and workings, forms, in truth, a grand and awful subject, and one which is worthy to employ the highest creative faculty. In our conceptions of the Tempter, nothing mean, or base, or grotesque, must be admitted—at least not as salient characteristics; because we must remember that Lucifer 'one day wore a crown under the eyes of God.' Therefore, we must think of him as a 'prince of mighty sway,' as a power of awe-striking terror, with a kingly presence, and having the brightness and the glory of his once high estate still apparent in his scornful eyes. The great difficulty in the right imagining of Lucifer, appears to consist in the reconciliation of his character as a monarch of proud dominion, an 'archangel ruined,' with the idea of the Tempter and the Fiend, the utterly evil and accursed thing.

Dante, elsewhere so profoundly master of the terrible, has miserably failed in his description of

Lo imperador del doloroso regno.

In fact, his Lucifer is nothing more than a huge, misshapen monster, remarkable only for his enormous size and his preternatural ugliness. The same characteristics, in great measure, also distinguish and disfigure the Pluto of Tasso. He does, however, speak worthily in that fine passage commencing 'Tartarei Numi!' &c.

In this paper, we shall merely advert to the portraits of Lucifer presented to us by our English poets. Thus, we shall not once refer to the Mephistopheles of the wonderful *Faust* of Goethe, nor to the Demonio in that very powerful drama of Calderon, *El Magico Prodigioso*. Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, Byron in *Cain*, Bailey in *Festus*, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the *Drama of Exile*, have all given us, according to their respective ideals, the likeness of the Adversary, of the Prince of the Power of the Air, of the fallen Star of the Morning. We may, with propriety, add to this catalogue the name of Thomas Aird, whose *Devil's Dream* contains a sketch of the infernal being, hardly second to any—indeed, a thoroughly Dantesque creation.

To begin with Milton. His Satan is emphatically a hero. Nothing mean, or little, or contemptible, distinguishes his character: all about him is great and lofty. He treads the halls of hell with a free, unconscious dignity, as if still he walked amid the hills of the heavenly Paradise. He is godlike, even in his ruin; he is a king, although he wears no regal crown; he possesses still the undaunted courage and the reckless daring which prompted him to battle with the hosts of God upon the 'plains of heaven.' His spirit is undimmed by failure, and untamed by the long course of the fiery discipline. In the review of the past, and in the contemplation of the future, he is sustained by pride, lofty as the highest towers of heaven, and deep as the lowest abysses of despair. In the midst of dire discomfort, he is yet untiring in his efforts to mar the works of God. Thus, after his defeat by the celestial armies, he exclaims, in proud defiance:

What though the field be lost?

All is not lost; the unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall His wrath or might
Extort from me.

In his personal attributes, he is still invested with excellent majesty. He stands alone, and above his fellows, 'proudly eminent;'

But his face

Deep scars of thunder had intrenched; and care
Sat on his faded cheek.

His armour is of adamant and gold. He wears no gloomy, sable trappings, but a gay and gorgeous vestment, whose gold reflects the glowing light and pride of the noontide sun. Although sorely defaced, the stamp of his heavenly origin is upon him still. He is of 'regal port, but faded splendour wan.'

His fulgent head

And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter.

How vividly has Milton portrayed the woes of that 'eternity of ill' from which there is neither refuge nor escape!

Within him hell

He brings, and round about him; nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change.

Hence, even while wandering upon the primeval earth, amid the fairy bowers of Paradise, in all their pure, fresh beauty, he still groans beneath the heavy curse, the consequence of his sin; and the soft breath of the winds of heaven bears upon its perfumed wings no

balm for his burning scars, no charm to silence the voice of the agonised soul. Thus he cries in his despair:

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

So from the depths of his misery, the fallen archangel has no resource, except in conflict with the King of heaven. He will endeavour, at least, to disturb His counsels, to ruin His fair designs, to dash confusion amid the order of His worlds. The remembrance of the divine service is to him an unwelcome memory. His pride refuses to bow with 'suppliant knee' before the throne of heaven; there is no hope, therefore, that he will ever be restored to his foregone glory. Everything that reminds him of his once happy state, is now distasteful and grievous. The echoes of the paradisaical songs that linger by him still, are a reproach and a torture to his distempered spirit. So, at last, he exclaims, confronting the idea of his irremediable sin, and the wrong that can never be repaired:

All good to me is lost;

Evil, be thou my good; by thee, at least,
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold.

Here, then, Satan takes his stand as the unconquerable foe of God and man, with the proud, defiant glance, undimmed by ages of suffering and despair.

Very different is the Lucifer of Lord Byron's *Cain*. Although he looks 'almost a god,' he has none of the kingly attributes with which Milton has dignified his hero. He is an unmitigated fiend. Having failed to make himself equal with God, he will be 'aught save a sharer or a servant of his power.' According to his own avowal, he is of those

Souls who dare use their immortality;
Souls who dare look the Omnipotent full in
His everlasting face, and tell him that
His evil is not good!

Byron's Lucifer is essentially the scornful spirit—the Tempter, the suggester of strange doubts and questionings to man. He tells Cain that he is

One who aspired to be what made thee, and
Who would not have made thee what thou art.

And then, again, he exclaims, in reference to the exile from Eden:

I would have made ye

Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth, so thrust ye,
Because ye should not eat the fruits of life,
And become gods as we.

Then who was the demon? He

Who would not let ye live, or he who would
Have made ye live for ever in the joy
And power of knowledge?

Thus he endeavours to insinuate into the human heart doubts of the divine goodness; to overturn therein the altar of faith; to envelop the mind of man in suspicion and in gloom; for well he knows, that when trust and confidence in God are shaken, there will be no bulwark or protection against the assaults of the enemy.

This Lucifer is not like Milton's Satan—of lofty, warlike bearing. We do not think we can well conceive him as engaged in conflict with the heavenly hierarchies, nor yet as taking counsel amid the infernal senate prior to fresh enterprises against the Eternal King. He is rather a dweller apart—a plotter in secret—a terror and a shadow in the lonely way. He is not begirt with awful majesty, nor does he bear the impress

of regality upon his darkened brow. He is the *fallen* one, disappointed and writhing in strange agony beneath the sense of his defeat. He finds a fiendish joy in disturbing the peace of God's fair creation, and in sowing the seeds of discord in the new-born world; and he commences by rendering man a prey to doubtings and distrust. The contemplation of the Ruler of the universe, and of his unbroken felicity in the heavenly kingdom, is to him, indeed, the bitterness of woe. When Cain tells him that, for all his pride, he has still a superior in power and glory, he exclaims, with indignation and with scorn:

No! by heaven, which He
Holds; and the abyss, and the immensity
Of worlds and life which I hold with Him—No!
I have a victor—true; but no superior.
Homage He has from all—but none from me.
I battle it against Him, as I battled
In highest heaven. Through all eternity,
And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,
And the interminable realms of space,
And the infinity of endless ages—
All, all will I dispute! And world by world,
And star by star, and universe by universe,
Shall tremble in the balance, till the great
Conflict shall cease—if ever it shall cease—
Which ne'er it shall till He or I be quenched!
And what can quench an immortality,
Or mutual and irrevocable hate?
He as a conqueror will call the conquered
Evil; but what will be the good he gives?
Were I the victor, His works would be deemed
The only evil ones.

Bailey's Lucifer has not so much of the true fiend in him as either Milton's or Byron's. He is a calm, sublime intelligence—the necessary Evil—working out obediently the mysterious designs of the Creator. He is neither the warrior nor the mocking demon: he is the philosopher, the calm, reasoning spirit, discouraging of time and eternity, of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and intent upon the fulfilment of his mission. He indulges in no expressions of hatred nor scorn against the divine Being, because he recognises the justice of his position, and thus acknowledges that 'good is God, the great necessity,' who has appointed even unto him his place amid the infinity of worlds, and for whose glory only can he act, and for his 'creatures' good.' He is, therefore, the servant and minister of the Eternal: he battles not against the Most High, but goes to do His will. He does not seek to penetrate into the mysteries of the divine counsels; but even through the agency of evil, he is instrumental in forwarding their accomplishment. According to his own assertion—

God hath sanctioned all
That I have done, or may do to the end,
Which I have nought to do with.

The Lucifer of *Festus* has neither the restless, unquenchable pride of the Satan in *Paradise Lost*, nor yet the scorning malignity, the burning discontent of the archfiend of Byron. He is crowned with an unvarying melancholy, with the calmness of despair.

I know
Nor joy nor sorrow; but a changeless tone
Of sadness like the night-winds, is the strain
Of what I have of feeling. I am not
As other spirits—but a solitude
Even to myself! I the sole spirit sole.

Lucifer, as delineated by Mrs Browning in the *Drama of Exile*, is a lofty and 'Titanic spirit of scorn.' He has a 'glorious darkness.' He possesses an air of regal majesty; for he has not yet lost the remembrance of his kingly throne in heaven. 'The prodigy of his

vast brows and melancholy eyes do comprehend the heights of some great fall.' He is

An Idea to all souls—
A monumental, melancholy gloom,
Seen down all ages, whence to mark despair,
And measure out the distances from good.

He has 'fallen below hope of final re-ascent,' because he has mocked the misery of 'ruined man,' which no spirit would dare to do, if he 'expected to see God, though at the last point of a thousand years.' He is mighty even in defeat; and although agonised beneath the 'sense of thunder,' in conversing with the angel Gabriel, he can exclaim, in the face of earth and heaven:

I, too, have strength—
Strength to behold Him, and not worship Him;
Strength to fall from Him, and not cry on Him;
Strength to be in the universe, and yet
Neither God nor his servant. The red sign
Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me with,
Is God's sign, that it bows not unto God—
The potter's mark upon his work, to shew
It rings well to the striker.

The faulty construction of some portions of the exquisite *Drama of Exile*, is more than redeemed by the sublime conception of Lucifer in his 'kingship of resistant agony' towards all surrounding good. We know of nothing finer than that passage in which he compares the sorrows of the human with his own eternal woes—when, addressing Adam and Eve, and the wailing earth-spirits, he exclaims:

I scorn you that ye wail,
Who use your petty griefs for pedestals
To stand on, beckoning pity from without,
And deal in pathos of antithesis
Of what ye *were* forsooth, and what ye are;
I scorn you like an angel! Yet one cry,
I, too, would drive up, like a column erect,
Marble to marble, from my heart to Heaven,
A monument of anguish to transpire
And overtop your vapoury complaints,
Expressed from feeble woes.

Pass along
Your wilderness, vain mortals! Puny griefs,
In transitory shapes, be henceforth dwarfed
To your own conscience, by the dread extremes
Of what I am, and have been. If ye have fallen,
It is a step's fall—the whole ground beneath
Strewn woolly soft with promise; if ye have sinned,
Your prayers tread high as angels! If ye have grieved,
Ye are too mortal to be pitiable;
The power to die disproves the right to grieve.
Go to! Ye call this ruin? I half scorn
The ill I did you! Were ye wronged by me,
Hated, and tempted, and undone of me—
Still, what's your hurt to mine—of doing hurt,
Of hating, tempting, and so ruining?
The sword's *hilt* is the sharpest, and cuts through
The hand that wields it.

The image of the infernal king, as portrayed in the *Devil's Dream* by Thomas Aird, is only a sketch; and yet it is striking and impressive in the highest degree. The whole poem, indeed, is replete with gloomy grandeur—with an air of wild, shadowy sublimity, like that which sometimes invests the scenery of an awful dream. We have read nothing that reminds us more of Dante than this, in its rugged power, and in the life-like colouring of its dark imagery. In the perusal of this strange production, our ideas are affected more by hints and half-utterances than by elaborate description. In the same way, the unfilled sketch, the vague outline of some great artist's design, often impresses us more powerfully than the completed picture. Aird's demon is a 'grisly terror': he has no clearly defined shape,

but his wing is 'woven of grim shadows,' mixed with 'twists of faded glory.' His aspect is like the 'hurrying storm.' The *Devil's Dream* will scarcely admit of quotation: it must be read as a whole, in order to be rightly appreciated. It is unique in plan and execution; and in the world of poetic literature, it stands out in its grand and solitary gloom, like some stern rock, 'black with the thunder-strokes.'

In conclusion, we may take Milton's Satan as the emblem of physical force and energy. He is framed on the grand heroic type, like one of the giants of old days, and he stands before us as one of earth's conquerors. To him belong the earnest heart to plan, the strong will to direct, the unwearied arm to undertake the boldest enterprise. In his character, there is an admixture of the spirit both of the lion and the snake. He is the lion in his courage and daring, in his majestic port, in his anger, and his pride: he is the serpent in his stealthy cunning, in his fair outside and his poisoned fangs, in his falsehood and his treachery. Throughout the whole course of his dark career, Milton's Satan is emphatically a king without the purple robe; a hero, though he wears no laurelled wreath; a mighty criminal, 'magnificent in sin.' Byron's fiend is the sophist, the suggester of evil imaginations to man, the tempter, the scorner—by no means so great and glorious a creation as Milton's, but far more thoroughly *devilish*. Bailey's Lucifer is a metaphysician, very *spirituel*, a sublime intellect, vast in intelligence; but scarcely to be regarded as a true fiend, since he is finally restored to his pristine glory in the paradise of God. The Lucifer of Mrs Browning's drama is the suffering, agonising demon, lofty in his unvanquished pride—

Dashing out the hands of wail
On each side to meet anguish everywhere,
And to attest it in the ecstasy
And exaltation of a w sustained,
Because provoked and chosen.

Such are the pictures presented by English poets, of greater or less eminence, of the impersonation of Evil.

ORPHAN WINNY.

Is travelling through the north of Scotland, endeavouring to find out a relation who had some years previously settled in that part of the world, or, failing in this, to obtain a situation as governess, my inquiries led occasionally to strange recitals concerning circumstances and individuals, that might have suited well for the foundation of many a romance—proving the oft, though never too often repeated adage, that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' In that bleak and singularly shaped town Peterhead, whose harbours run, like the jaws of a sword-fish, into the sea, I had occasion to take up my abode for some time at the house of one Abel Grey, who, with moderate custom, and great prudence, maintained his family in much respectability. Of course he had an admirable coadjutor in his good and industrious wife, who managed her little household with a methodical judgment and in a simple way I have rarely seen equalled. His shop, merely a clothier's—for some thirty years ago, men did not, as now, monopolise every branch of business under one roof—was, I remember well, on the right-hand side of the passage on entering, and the parlour exactly opposite; and surely it was the most comfortable little parlour in the world! At least I thought so, when, after a freezing ride on the outside of the coach from Aberdeen, my landlady—for I had taken a small bedroom and sitting-room on the first floor—sent up a polite request that I would join the family at tea. Every corner of the room

was illuminated by that most cheerful of all lights, a blazing fire, and revealed, what perhaps shews the hospitality of a good Scotch housewife more than anything else, a tea-table covered with abundance of good things. Remembering, as I did, the scanty supply of thin bread and butter, which, with a decoction of very pale hyson and cerulean milk, make up a London tea, I was enchanted with the Land of Cakes—recollect, good reader, I was a hungry outside-passenger—which could thus receive a stranger as an honoured guest.

In one corner of the room were two little girls, apparently of the same age, busily employed in hushing a doll to sleep, and making ready its tiny cradle; they both called Mrs Grey mamma, and yet one of the children was dressed in deep mourning, while the other wore a frock of bright crimson. A fine curly-headed boy, of four years old, in his night-gown, ready for bed, sat by the fire teaching the kitten her letters—a kind of *catechism* which could only have occurred to a child of his age. I could not help remarking the imaginative employments of the children, at the same time asking Mrs Grey if the little girls were twins.

'O no,' replied she; 'they are not the same mother's children.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed in some surprise; 'and yet they both call you mamma?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs Grey, pointing to the child in mourning, 'but Winny's mother is dead;' and the child, as if catching the words, ceased her play, and turned her beautiful dark eyes full upon me, as if to say: 'Pity me!'

'Poor child!' I exclaimed; 'but she seems to have found a kind relation in you, Mrs Grey.'

'No relation,' replied that good woman: 'I doubt whether Winny has a relation in the world.'

'You quite interest me about the little creature,' said I; 'would it be too great a liberty to inquire her history?'

'I don't know much of it,' said Mrs Grey; 'and what I do know, I have been cautioned not to reveal. She has been confided to my care by a gentleman who has adopted her: he is extremely fond of her, and no doubt will give her a good education, to fit her for a governess, or some such desirable employment.'

Alas for the *desirableness* of such an employment! Had simple Mrs Grey known as much of the drudgery of a governess's life as I did, she would have found some other word by which to qualify it. The postman's knock interrupted our conversation. 'I shouldn't wonder,' said Mrs Grey, 'if that is a letter from Captain Singleton;' and almost the next minute her husband entered from the shop, confirming the supposition.

'Winny,' said Mr Grey to the little girl, 'come here, my pet, and tell me what would please you most.'

'What, most of all—of everything?' asked the child, looking wistfully in his face, as if she believed for a moment in his power to grant her wish.

'Yes; what in all the world could happen to please you best?'

'O that dear mamma could come back again!' said the child, with painfully touching earnestness.

'Nay, Winny,' said Mrs Grey, after a moment of deep silence, caused by the unexpected reply of the child: 'that is contrary to your little prayer at night, and which you tell me you say from your heart—"Thy will be done."'

'But I do wish dear mamma were alive again,' said the child, beginning to sob. 'And it would be wicked to deny it, for mamma said God wouldn't love me if I told a lie.'

'Quite right, my darling,' said Mr Grey, caressing her: 'never fear to tell us all your thoughts and wishes. But Winny is too good and grateful not to be happy that Captain Singleton is coming to see her to-morrow?'

'Dear Papa Singleton!' said Winny, brightening

through her tears—"he'll let me talk about mamma, and sing the songs she taught me."

And who was this mamma, thought I, whose memory seems thus to engross the very 'abundance' of the little orphan's heart? A day or two revealed to me her sad story.

Captain Singleton, the gentleman who had adopted Winny, arrived on the following day. He appeared to be exceedingly delighted with his little protégée, who hovered about him with an affection which was well calculated to secure his love. He came to the town for no other purpose than to see her, and therefore spent the greater portion of his time at Abel Grey's, merely sleeping at the George Inn, at the top of the street. The manners of Captain Singleton were so agreeable and gentlemanly, that I almost fancied I had met with an old friend. Mrs Grey being obliged to attend to household duties, occasioned several tête-à-têtes between us, and during one of these he acquainted me with the circumstances which led to his adoption of Winifred Brockley.

"This drifting sleet," said Captain Singleton one day after dinner, as we completed our third game at chess, in the absence of Mr and Mrs Grey and the children, who were employed elsewhere—"reminds me of that storm, now twelve months ago, when I first saw Winny. As you seem to take an interest in the little creature, I—that is, if you have patience for a narrative in which I must necessarily be egotistical, and recount some of my own adventures—I will give you a sketch of Winny's history."

I assured him he would confer a favour that would be highly gratifying to me; and he proceeded.

"When peace was declared, I found it somewhat difficult, being a second son, to subsist upon half-pay only. The trifling addition of a pension for an awkward wound at Waterloo, could scarcely eke out my scanty income sufficiently to meet my expenses, which, without being extravagant, had involved me in debt. Perhaps I may as well mention here, that before the battle I had engaged myself to a lovely girl, whose faith I had no cause to doubt, and who seemed formed to make earth a paradise: but my Eve was tempted! Returning home, proud of the laurels won in defence of my country—glorying in the wounds that brought safety to those I loved—with joyous exultation, I hastened to claim my reward for every peril—my own, my lovely bride—when the news was brought me that my elder brother, on whom the estate had devolved by the death of my father, had, during my absence, wooed and won her! I should not have alluded to this piece of perfidy, which changed the whole current of my thoughts and feelings, were it not, perhaps, an excuse for the careless life I led some time afterwards.

"I started off no one knew whither, and half resolved that my family should never hear of me again. I assumed the name of Bondbroke, and commenced a roaming life, mentally deciding to be indifferent to everything. But, in reality, I was never intended for a citizen of the world. In spite of my determination to be apathetic, there were persons and circumstances continually making claims upon my sympathies and affections; and as I had not the means of being generous, this was exceedingly painful to me: indeed, my supply of money was so limited, as to render it expedient that I should devise some way of increasing my store. At last, while sojourning in one of these Scottish towns, I resolved to receive pupils in fencing and drawing, and for that purpose issued cards; but finding the town too small to answer my purpose, I thought of seeking my fortune on a wider field. Accordingly, I packed up my baggage, took an outside seat on the mail, and started one winter's morning for Elgin, intending to make that my next halting-place. It was severe weather, and the roads were cut out of the snow, which lay piled on each side as high as the

roof of the coach. As we were proceeding slowly up a hill, I perceived some travellers on foot before us. They consisted of two men, a woman, and a little girl; the sleet was beating in their faces, and the mother had drawn the end of her shawl as a veil over the child's bonnet, in an attempt to shield her from the weather, as she led her by the hand up the hill. The party paused as the coach overtook them. "Coachman," said one of the young men, perceiving that there was plenty of outside room, "what will you charge for this lady and little girl to Elgin?"

"Ten shillings," said the man.

"The funds of the party were compared, and were evidently insufficient; the lady also appeared unwilling to avail herself of the contributions of her companions, though most anxious to procure a seat for the child.

"What is the least you will take my little girl for?" she asked.

"Why, three-and-sixpence," replied the coachman—"no less; so be sharp—we can't stay here all night."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the mother, lifting the child in her arms. "Now, darling, I don't care for myself, so that you can ride."

"But I can walk quite well, dear mamma—I am not tired," said the child, evidently unhappy at the idea of being separated from her mother.

"Had I not been interested in the scene, common humanity would have prompted me to interfere. "Madam," I said, "oblige me by occupying this seat next me; for your little girl's sake, who evidently will not come without you, I must insist upon it." I spoke decidedly, holding out my hand at the same time to assist her; the coachman was in a hurry, and the next instant the lady and her child were seated beside me. The guard threw them an extra top-coat he had stowed away in the boot. I buttoned them both up in it, and under the shelter of my umbrella, they were comparatively comfortable. I could not help wondering who my companions were; but the severity of the storm prevented much conversation; the child, being wrapped up warmly, fell asleep, and the mamma seemed inclined to be silent. On arriving at Elgin about seven o'clock, the lady expressed a wish to procure a private lodging; I insisted on accompanying her in the search; so, giving her my arm, and my hand to the little girl, I sallied forth with my new acquaintances, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them comfortably established in two very neat apartments. I then took my leave, without even knowing the name of those for whom I was so interested, but not without obtaining permission to wait upon them on the following morning. Sauntering back to my hotel, I was attracted by the exhibition of a bill in a shop-window, announcing the opening of a theatre. It instantly struck me that my roadside friends must be part of the *corps dramatique*. The season was to commence on the following night with the comedy of the *Provoked Husband*; Lady Grace by Mrs Brockley; and the song of *Over the Mountain and over the Moor*, between the play and farce, by Miss Brockley. I felt a strong presentiment that these were my new friends; and recollecting how successful I had been in private theatricals when with my regiment, I wondered that the idea of trying the stage had never occurred to me. Here, however, was an opportunity; and I resolved on offering my services to the manager for an appearance or two, my future engagement to depend upon my success. The thought was exhilarating; and my dreams were filled with visions of surpassing Kemble, and acting in London under my own name, to the infinite mortification of my proud relatives.

"Next day, I made my promised call, but was informed that the lady and the little girl were gone to rehearsal. I was right, then—she was an actress. I left my card, intimating that I would take the liberty of calling at an earlier hour on the following morning. Of course,

that night I went to the theatre—a neat, temporary place, fitted up in the town-hall—and took my seat in what were called the boxes, which were the front benches, partitioned off from the rest. The comedy commenced, and enter Lady Grace—the identical person whom I had buttoned up in the guard's top-coat of many capes! Her appearance and manner were admirably suited to the character: she was evidently a gentlewoman. Indeed, there was much good acting in the play; at the conclusion of which, the curtain was again drawn up, the orchestra played a symphony, and the little girl, for whom so many had been interested on her weary way in the snow-storm, came forward to sing. She was the very impersonation of the pictures and statuettes of 'Little Red Riding-hood,' wearing a short red cloak, and her beautiful little feet bare. How picturesque she looked! The audience welcomed the tiny vocalist with enthusiasm. Her sweet voice, joined to the simple words of her song—

Over the mountain, and over the moor,
Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
And she weeps for the days that can never return;

then her beseeching manner, with clasped hands, as she finished the verse—

Pity, kind gentlefolks, friends to humanity;
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;
Give me some food for my mother in charity;
Give me some food, and then I'll begone,

was so full of pathos—so, to me, descriptive of the child's real situation, that I, with the rest of the audience, was completely carried out of the mimic scene, and she concluded her song amidst a shower of silver. This was scarcely pardonable, but it was irresistible. In my after-acquaintance with Mrs Brockley, I often entreated her to let Winny sing that song on the stage again; but her honest, independent pride would never consent to it—she had not calculated on such a result. Next morning, I spent a pleasant hour with Mrs Brockley and her little daughter, and escorted them to rehearsal, when I sent in my card to the manager, obtained an interview, and, apparently to his great satisfaction, arranged to appear as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, about a fortnight from the commencement of the season. But my plans were doomed to be frustrated. However, in the meantime, I became greatly interested in Mrs Brockley's affairs. She told me—and I may repeat her history in few words—that, born in India, she was placed at a boarding-school in England, and becoming acquainted with Mr Brockley, a younger son, whose father insisted on his marrying a rich widow, many years older than himself, a romantic attachment ensued, which terminated in a private marriage, and finally, to avoid the wrath of his father, an elopement. But their rash union brought nothing but misery; their means were soon exhausted—and utterly abandoned by her own and her husband's relations—to save themselves from beggary, they had embraced the theatrical profession. Placed in a position for which they had little talent and less liking, yet unable to extricate themselves from it, the fatigue, vexations, excitement, and privations of the precarious life they had chosen, at length threw her husband into a decline, which, after long suffering, terminated his existence amidst poverty and sorrow. Left with her little daughter, who evinced extraordinary talent for the stage, the young widow, without any friend to advise what was best to be done, was still struggling on in a strolling company, compelled, as I had witnessed, even in the depth of winter, to accomplish her journey on foot. Alas! this was a picture of the poor player, 'who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,' which had never before been exhibited to me, and yet it was

from the life. I confess it disenchanted all my previously conceived visions of the careless joyousness of an actor's life; however, I flattered myself that the success of my *début* would place me in a very different position; but, within two days of that event, a letter from my agent in town informed me that my brother had been thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot, and as he died childless, the estate devolved upon me. I had parted from my brother in wrath, and I was inexpressibly shocked at the suddenness of this catastrophe. That night, I took my place by the mail for London; and on bidding farewell to the Brockleys, entreated permission to be responsible for the expenses of Winny's education, and to be considered a friend on every emergency.

Some months after this, my own affairs having been easily arranged, I received a letter from Mrs Brockley, expressing her fears that the same insidious malady—consumption—which had brought her husband to an early grave, would shortly make Winny an orphan; and her dying prayer would be, that her daughter might be snatched from a profession in which her husband and herself—perhaps as a just punishment for their imprudence—had suffered so much misery. As I had ample leisure, and still felt the same extraordinary interest in little Winny—an interest which the circumstances I have detailed can scarcely warrant, and which, I confess, is a mystery to myself—I started for the north. The company of strollers were acting in this town, and Mrs Brockley fortunately occupied Mrs Grey's apartments. Fortunately—I ought, perhaps, to say providentially—for the exceeding kindness of that excellent woman did much to smooth the pillow of the sufferer. I had the satisfaction of arriving in time to calm the anxiety of the dying mother; a smile for an instant seemed to roll back the curtain which death was dropping over the face, and endeavouring to press my hand, her last words were: "Protect my little darling orphan Winny!" At first, I thought the child would inevitably follow her mother to the grave; her heart seemed breaking in continual sobs for "dear mamma;" but Mrs Grey's care won the little creature from her incessant grief. It seemed desirable to leave her here for a short time; the society of the children would prove the most natural cure for her sorrow, and I could then devise such arrangements as were best suited for bringing my little protégée home: it is for that purpose my present visit is paid. I perceive that Winny has become attached to Mr and Mrs Grey and the children; and I fear, from her affectionate disposition, should she remain longer here, the separation would be too painful, and confirm a shade of melancholy in the character of my intended-to-be brilliant little Winny.'

Captain Singleton had conceived a strong prejudice against Winny's being sent to school, arising, probably, from the unhappy circumstance of her mother's imprudent elopement. We had much conversation on the subject, resulting in my accepting the situation of governess to Miss Brockley. This was an unexpected and happy event for me, who had been long dependent on my own exertions as a mere drudging, unassisted teacher; while masters were to be engaged, and no expense spared to make my pupil as accomplished and elegant as she was beautiful. It was a painful parting for Winny and the Greys: little Ellen cried bitterly, clasping the neck of her play-fellow, and the boy declared he would 'go with Winny.' Mrs Grey prayed 'Heaven to bless the little orphan;' but Abel took the child in his arms, now wrapped up warmly in her furred cloak and hood, purchased the day before for the journey by Captain Singleton, and carried her that cold winter-morning to where the mail stood ready horsed, within five minutes of starting.

'Winny,' said good Abel Grey, as he placed her

beside her new guardian, 'there is little likelihood of my ever seeing you again, my pet, though I think I love you as well as either of my own children; but if anything should happen to make you unhappy or unfriended in this world, recollect there will always be a home for you with Abel Grey the clothier.'

The journey was not very speedily accomplished in those days, but in due time we arrived safely at Captain Singleton's estate in Devonshire.

The apartments commanding the finest prospect were appropriated to Winny, and adorned with everything calculated to excite her interest and admiration, in order that her mind, as Captain Singleton expressed it, might be clothed with the beautiful. I could see that he was anxious to banish past scenes from her memory; but this was not so easily accomplished, for Winny, as her bright and apprehensive intellect expanded, would read poetry in the most dramatic manner, kindling into an enthusiasm that would not unfrequently betray her teachers into exclamations of admiration and applause. But memory shone most conspicuously in her love of old songs. Her musical acquirements were considerable, both vocal and instrumental; yet after executing with brilliant effect some fashionable Italian song of the day, Winny would love to sit by the window, and with no other accompaniment than the movement of the clouds, or the waving branches of the trees, sing the old ballads taught her by her mother. Let it not be supposed, however, that she was unhappy; she was much too good and affectionate for that, returning the lavish kindness of her benefactor with singular and engrossing devotion.

Winny was now seventeen, and had admirers from far and near—undeterred by any opposition from her guardian, who made it a point, apparently of constrained duty, to give every facility to such aspirants for her hand as were by character and circumstances considered unexceptionable. But a change seemed to come over the manners of my hitherto sweet and gracious Winny, for she not only instantly and peremptorily put a negative upon all such addresses, but was even at times pettish and harsh in her answers to her guardian's remonstrances on the subject. At last, young Augustus Oakdale, heir to the magnificent estate of Oakdale Hall, with a lineage from the Conquest, and possessions stretching far and near, came in full 'pomp and panoply' to woo and win.

Then Captain Singleton seemed to have formed a resolution: he positively prohibited a refusal, which Winny unhesitatingly and instantaneously would have given. I remember the scene well, for I was present. 'Winny,' said the captain, 'I must exercise the authority which—forgive the expression—my uniform care and kindness invest me with—and I insist, on your giving a fair consideration to this young man's proposal. It has ever been my dearest wish that you should be properly settled in life, and here is an alliance offered which surpasses even my loftiest anticipations. Winny,' continued he, in a tone almost of asperity, 'it is my duty, as your guardian, to recommend your acceptance of young Oakdale.' As he concluded, a deep blush crimsoned to scarlet Winny's cheek and brow, followed instantly by a deathlike pallor, as she said in a low, determined voice: 'Yes—you are my guardian, and I accept Mr Oakdale.' Upon this, without a word, Captain Singleton rose and left the room.

Next day, a note from Captain Singleton brought young Oakdale to the house; he seemed a good-natured young man, but of little penetration, and was quite satisfied with Winny's calm and even formal acceptance of his proposal; but from this moment Winny's cheerfulness was gone: even the cordiality and joyousness with which she had ever met her benefactor, disappeared entirely from her manner. Captain Singleton, too, did not seem to seek her society as heretofore, but,

to all appearance, busied himself anxiously in securing her the most ample provision out of his own fortune, and making the most costly purchases as befitting presents for so distinguished a bride as Winny was about to become.

Time wore on, and the marriage was appointed to take place on Winny's eighteenth birthday, when, one morning, on entering her apartment suddenly, I found her alone, pale, and weeping, in the midst of wedding finery which her maid had been unpacking, and displaying for her admiration.

'What has happened, my dear Miss Brockley?' I said: 'you seem unhappy.'

'O most unhappy!' she exclaimed, throwing herself weeping upon my bosom. 'Do you remember,' she asked, 'those words of Abel Grey when I was a little child: "If anything should happen to make me unhappy or unfriended, I should find a home with him?"'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but you are placed in circumstances the very reverse of that.'

'Apparently so, perhaps, but, in reality, I am miserable.'

I know not how far this avowal might have gone, had not the maid interrupted it, by informing her mistress that Captain Singleton wished for a few minutes' conversation with her. Desiring he might be admitted, she requested me to step into the inner room until the interview was over. It was more of a recess than a room—a large bay-window, separated from the adjoining apartment by a kind of archway, hung with thin muslin curtains; and here I found myself in the embarrassing yet unavoidable position of a listener to the following scene.

'Miss Brockley,' said Captain Singleton—an unusual formality with him—'I am sorry to be the bearer of a most unpleasant communication.' Winny's weeping was over; her pride now seemed to be wounded by her guardian's coldness of manner: she removed the magnificent wedding-veil which lay on the couch beside her, and throwing it carelessly aside, almost spurning it from her, merely motioned to him to be seated.

Captain Singleton was closely observant of the whole action, and, in a kinder tone, said: 'Winny, I think you must feel conscious that I prize your happiness above all other considerations. I have striven to accomplish it by every means in my power, and do not scruple to avow, that from the day I first saw you, when, a little child, your mother lifted you up into my arms by the wayside, I have felt a deeper interest for you than for any other human being.' Winny's pride vanished in a moment, and fervently, but silently, her benefactor's hand was clasped in her own.

'In mind, in accomplishments, in beauty, you were all I wished you to be; my hopes were achieved—you made the happiness of my home; and this happiness, which could never be replaced, I considered it my duty, for your sake, to sacrifice. The alliance with Mr Oakdale, in many respects, would be a distinguished one; and upon my representing this to you, you seemed to think so too; you calmly acquiesced in the proposal; not one regret ever escaped your lips for the desolation your absence would cause here; and your continued, and, I must say, unkind silence on the subject, at length forced upon me the painful conviction, that I had no hold upon your love—not even upon your gratitude.'

Winny wept violently, unable, had she wished, to utter a word.

'Ay,' resumed Captain Singleton, 'now you see and feel the injustice of your indifference towards me.'

'Oh,' sobbed Winny, 'not indifference—oh, if I dared only tell you!'

'Well, well, if I have wronged you, forgive me, Winny. This is a more severe preface to what I have

to announce than I intended; and instead of using reproaches, I ought, perhaps, to have been forbearing and kind. I flattered myself I was wholly unselfish in this matter, and that I could rejoice in your rejoicing at leaving me and my dull home for gayer scenes, and nearer and dearer ties."

"Oh, not dearer—never half so dear!" said Winny, as if her whole heart leaped up to her clear, dark eyes to shew its truthfulness. "But I thought you were weary of me—that at last the poor orphan girl, who loved you better, ay, a thousand times better than a daughter could, had become a burden to you. It was wrong, very wrong; but pride determined me, at the cost, perhaps, of a broken heart, to obey you, and never to breathe a desire to remain where I thought my presence was no longer wished."

"Then let me understand you rightly, Winny," said Captain Singleton hurriedly. "If this marriage, by any unforeseen circumstance, were broken off, would it not affect your happiness?"

"Oh," asked Winny, in almost wild ecstasy, without answering his question, "is it broken off? Perhaps this letter which you hold in your hand contains my reprieve! Oh, if it does, in mercy say so!"

"It does."

"Thank Heaven! And you—for I am not too proud to beg now—you will not yet discard your poor orphan Winny?"

"Never will I part from you, Winny, till you beg me to do so," said Captain Singleton.

"Then I am happy!" and the poor girl again took his hand, and pressed it affectionately to her lips.

"And now," said Captain Singleton, in some embarrassment, "shall I, or shall I not, make known to you the contents of this letter from young Oakdale? I fear your pride will be hurt by it, Winny."

"Oh," she replied artlessly, "I had forgotten Mr Oakdale's letter: I can forgive him anything, I am so much obliged to him. I almost begin to like him!"

"It would seem," said Captain Singleton, opening the letter, "that some one who knew you in infancy now recognises you, or remembers your parents; for after a preamble, these are young Oakdale's words: "Notwithstanding my great admiration of Miss Brockley, if the assertion which was made in a public assembly last night be true—namely, that Miss Brockley is the daughter of theatrical parents, and has actually appeared upon the stage herself—I must, however reluctantly, at once decline the happiness I had promised myself by the alliance," &c."

"Oh," almost screamed Winny, "assure him that I have been on the stage; assure him that I will return to the stage: anything that will confirm him in his dear, delightful rejection, and get me out of this dismal captivity! But," continued she, in a graver tone, and with a natural revulsion of feeling, "am I to blame for that?"

"No, certainly not," replied Captain Singleton. "It is a prejudice, very often justifiable; but in the present instance, it is the pride of a shallow fool, which rejects a bride, radiant in beauty and virtue—no matter what her origin—whom an emperor might be proud of!" and Captain Singleton, more excited than I had ever before beheld him, walked hurriedly about the room. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life—every moment expecting to be discovered where I had involuntarily become a listener. Winny, no doubt, had forgotten that there was such a person in existence as her poor, insignificant governess; and Captain Singleton, after a moment or two of profound silence, whether catching a glimpse of some one behind the curtain or not, I cannot tell, but suddenly he took up the wedding-bonnet, which was lying on a chair, desired Winny to tie it on, as if it were her ordinary attire, and snatching up a shawl, another article of the ill-used *brousseau*, wrapped her in it, placed her arm within his own, saying: "Come,

Winny: you look pale; the air will revive you, and I have yet much to say; led her from the room.

Thankful as I was to emerge from my hiding-place undetected, I could not help laughing at the unceremonious appropriation of the despised wedding-gear, in which Winny, though, I believe, quite unconscious how she was attired, looked charmingly. I had my own surmises as to the sequel of their conversation, which surmises were soon verified by the bright smiles on all the faces of the household.

"Thank goodness," said Mrs Smith, Winny's own maid, "the house is again what it used to be: master has got back all his good-humour, and my dear young lady has left off weeping: her present intended pleases her better than her last, I believe! And what does it matter his being twenty years older than herself? Why, he is only thirty-eight, and looking so young and handsome, that there isn't any lady in the land but would be glad to have him."

Though the day was not yet specified, every one supposed the marriage would shortly take place; when a message arrived to Captain Singleton from his brother's widow, residing in London, who was on her death-bed, requesting his presence, and earnestly entreating him to bring Miss Brockley along with him. Captain Singleton seemed much agitated by these unexpected tidings, which opened up wounds that had long been healed, and also by the singular wish, which was of course to be complied with; and Winny herself described to me what took place. On their arrival, Captain Singleton conducted her to the bedside of the invalid, who seemed strangely excited on beholding her.

"I have wronged you both," said the dying woman: "you have already forgiven me, Captain Singleton, but how can I expect pardon from this poor orphan girl, whom I have for years known to be the child of my sister?"—"At these words," said Winny, "Captain Singleton started, and turned towards me with a look as if awaking from a dream: without perceiving this, my aunt continued: "Pride forbade my acknowledging relationship with one who, by the position she had chosen, seemed to have disgraced me. We were orphans, like Winny. The mistress of the school at which she had been placed, for her own interest, complied with my entreaty to be silent on the subject of my sister's imprudent marriage, and so the circumstance faded from the recollection of all save myself. But my injustice to my niece has been an incessant reproach to me. Your generosity, Captain Singleton, on the death of your brother, and which I so little merited at your hands, claimed some return. I knew the gratification this avowal would have been to you, and yet pride kept me silent; but I could not die in peace until I had done justice to Winny—tardy, indeed, but which will, I trust, yet obtain me her pardon, and give hope and tranquillity to the few hours allotted me." The poor lady died that night, and on their return home after the funeral, Captain Singleton said to me with uncontrollable delight: "Now, Miss Howard, I've solved the mystery of Winny's first fascination."

But who was to give Winny away? Captain Singleton proposed to send for Abel Grey, as a proper compliment to that worthy man. Cheerfully he obeyed the summons, and bestowed the hand of his "little pet"—as he called her—upon one who loved her with perhaps the strangely blended feelings of a father and a husband.

Before that happy day, young Oakdale—that no one might labour under the mistake of his being left to wear the willow—consoled himself with an insipid, unintellectual beauty, somewhat *passée* by the by, but then she boasted of a pedigree as ancient as his own. Captain Singleton would not hear of my resigning my situation, now comparatively a sinecure; and what was perhaps still more generous, insisted on my accompanying himself and Mrs Singleton on a trip to Scotland,

where, loaded with presents for the family, we all once more, but under such different circumstances, assembled round the happy fireside of Abel Grey the clothier.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

If the past month has brought to light no great scientific discovery, it has been marked by a number of little facts, which, taken individually, might be looked on as 'unconsidered trifles,' but which, in the aggregate, do help to swell the total of advancement. We must set down as many as we have room for, even at the risk of producing a mere catalogue. The great coprolitic deposit found some time since near Woodbridge, in Suffolk, has yielded some hundreds of tons of a substance alike available for the finer sorts of pottery and for manure. It contains also some extraordinary fossils, highly interesting to the geologist. The hot weather has brought thunder-storms, in some instances fatal, which reminds us that Professor Olmsted, of Yale, is of opinion, that when telegraph wires are much more distributed and stretched over the land than at present, there will be no very heavy thunder-storms, and no lightning-strokes. Signor Palmieri, of Naples, has invented a movable conductor—a disk of wood, bearing metallic points, rotating on an axis, which enables him to correct the errors of former observers of electrical phenomena. The idea of negative rains or clouds, he says, must be given up, because the differences observed are due only to time: for instance, the atmosphere will be negative when a shower is approaching, positive while the rain is actually falling, and negative again as it passes away. He hopes, by means of his new instrument, to arrive at some of the laws which govern the fall of rain in European latitudes. A curious fact has been noticed also with respect to gutta-percha, which may be interesting to electricians. This substance, as is well known, acquires a bluish tinge after having been kept some months; and when in this state, it can no longer be negatively electrified, as before, by almost any substance with which it may be rubbed. Its electricity is found to be positive; and the only substances which will electrify it negatively are mica, diamond, and fur.

A scheme is talked of for a ship-railway from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, and news has come that the laying down of the telegraph cable to Corsica—half-way from Europe to Africa—has been successfully accomplished, and in water more than 300 fathoms deep in some places. It was thought that very deep water would present an insurmountable difficulty; but here is the difficulty overcome, and converted into an incitement to new exertions. The electric-telegraph, too, is now complete from Bombay to Calcutta—the beginning of a great scheme of physical improvements, which will demonstrate more and more the folly of having so long left the resources of India undeveloped. As Dr Royle has said: 'It is a country of such vast extent, so diversified in soil and climate, that we may readily believe it capable of producing every kind of natural produce;' and we are glad to observe, that the conviction is spreading in quarters where it may promote enterprise. Irrigation on a grand scale, next to roads, is what India requires; and with these combined, there seems no possibility of setting a limit to her productiveness. It has been shewn, on the best of evidence, that irrigation in India yields a profit of from seventy to a hundred per cent., and thus pays better than gold-digging in Australia. Incredible as this may appear at first sight, it is easy of proof. The value of water to Indian cultivators is already well known: they purchase it willingly at one rupee, or two shillings for 500 cubic yards; and any person or company undertaking to form reservoirs, or dig canals, would be sure

of success, while, at the same time, contributing in the best possible way to the welfare of the country. Great good has already been effected by the building of dams and weirs across some of the rivers; and a project is now on foot for a canal of 180 miles long, from Sukkur to Hyderabad, which will fertilise at least a million acres. So much is involved in this question, that we cannot forbear directing attention to it.

The Report of the Assam Company shews good progress; a fact which the state of affairs in China renders the more interesting. The quantity of tea grown on their lands in 1853 was 366,687 pounds—nearly 100,000 pounds more than in any previous year. In 1847, the first crop raised was sold for L.9728; the last, for L.33,000; an increase which may be expected to continue, as the clearing of land for new tea-plantations is still going on. Portugal, too, is exhibiting signs of wakefulness: the Commercial Association at Oporto has reported, that, owing to the want of roads, and the badness of those that exist, travelling is more difficult in that country than in any other part of Europe; and they recommend the abolition of all vexatious restrictions, both within and without—in short, free-trade in its integrity. Science, it may be said, is not much interested in such matters as these; but that which adds to the wealth or advancement of a people, tends also to the promotion of science.

The Geographical Society has received advices from the travellers sent out under its auspices: Lieutenant Burton and Dr Wallin are pushing their way in Arabia; and Dr Vogel, when last heard from, was on the borders of Lake Tchad, which he describes as more resembling a vast marsh than a sheet of water. The interior of Africa, he says, is a 'terrible country' to travel in. Were it not for the importance of clearing up its geography, and discovering its resources, few would be found to explore it.

Among recent inventions, Dr Marcei's apparatus for artificial respiration promises to be useful, as it has the advantage over other contrivances of the same kind of being self-acting. It has a double cylinder into which air is compressed; and each by an alternate filling and discharge, with the end of a slender tube inserted into one of the nostrils, causes the lungs to go through the process of expiration and inspiration. It has been tried on asphyxiated dogs with perfect success, and there remains now to test its capabilities on human beings.

The British Association is to hold its annual gathering at Liverpool, in that magnificent building, St George's Hall, where, if local habitation have any influence on its proceedings, the meeting should be more fruitful and successful than any yet on record. These periodical assemblages do good; but unless the intervals be occupied by enlightened research, the result will be that matters of fact will be accumulated irrespective of the philosophical value. Science made easy, though it looks attractive, is not that which best advances science.

Special Reports by Sir Charles Lyell have appeared on the Geological and Topographical and Hydrographical departments of the New York Exhibition, which are highly valuable and interesting for the summary they present of what the United States contain and are capable of in those important subjects. The facts adduced in matters geological, owing to the vast extent of country, are truly amazing, and the sources inexhaustible. One specimen of anthracite coal was shewn, a single block weighing sixty tons; and with respect to iron, lead and copper ores, and salt, there is sufficient to absorb all the mining enterprise of the world, and more. Among these was a lump of native copper 6300 poundweights, from Lake Superior, which had been cut as a sample from a mass weighing forty tons. After passing the whole subject in review, Sir Charles concludes by stating, that 'the natural distribution of these sources of wealth and power,

combined with the physical features of the entire country, leave nothing to be desired with respect to the materials and incentives for its physical progress and development.' If, in a pecuniary sense, the American Exhibition was a failure, the loss has been largely compensated by the interesting Reports it has called into existence.

The eager inquiry for materials from which paper may be manufactured is still heard on all sides, and numerous are the suggestions made thereupon. One recommends turf; another, the frothy scum seen on ditches; and we may add to the number, by mentioning the confervæ that grow so abundantly on the surface of standing-water, and become converted when dry into a species of natural paper.

The Royal Scottish Society of Arts offers prizes, varying from L.10 to L.50, for 'anything new in the art of clock or watch making,' for inventions or new appliances in the useful arts generally, and for 'means by which the natural productions of the country may be made more available;' and the Scientific Society of Leipzig announces prizes for papers on Commerce, Astronomy, and Political Economy, to be written in French, German, or Latin; and the Royal Academy of Berlin offers 200 ducats to whomsoever shall furnish a satisfactory reply to certain inquiries touching the wellbeing of a state. It wishes to know, among others, whether Adam Smith's leading doctrine—work makes wealth—can be identified with the prosperity of a people. The Royal Institution, too, makes known that the Actonian prize of L.105 will be ready in 1858, for the author of the best essay on the 'Wisdom and Beneficence of the Almighty, as manifested by the Influence of Solar Radiation.' So much knowledge has been gained of this subject within the past few years, that materials are abundant, and we ought to have an essay of more than ordinary interest.

Our French neighbours, or allies, as we must now call them, are not slackening the preparations for their Exhibition, although, as well as ourselves, they have a war on their hands. It is to be opened on the 1st of May in next year, and all goods for exhibition must be sent in before the 15th March. There is to be no charge for conveyance from the ports or frontiers of France to Paris, and none for rent. All British exhibitors are to communicate with Captain Owen, at Marlborough House, whereby they will gain facilities for passing their packages through the custom-house. It is such an opportunity for international intercourse, as will doubtless bear results not less acceptable than that of our own Exhibition of 1851. We may add here, that forty prizes, of L.8 each, are to be awarded to the students of the schools of art throughout the kingdom, who shall most distinguish themselves during the present year, so that they may have the means of visiting Paris next summer. The spirit of emulation will doubtless be lively with such a prospect.

Optical science has just been invested with new beauties by the truly philosophical apparatus contrived by M. Duboscq, whose skill and excellence of handicraft are well known. He came over with the Abbé Moigno, and shewed his experiments to a select party of savans at the Polytechnic Institute. Faraday, Tyndall, Wheatstone, Powell, &c., were of the number; and when such men express unqualified approbation of the phenomena displayed, we may be sure they are worthy of attention. Newton's rings, prismatic spectra, and undulations of colour, were produced with a distinctness and brilliance almost magical; and the play of rainbow hues thrown on the screen and ceiling by simply breathing on a lens, was such as to provoke an exclamation of delight from the grave philosophers who witnessed it. Then there is the illuminated cascade—a fall of water which may be made to appear red, blue, green, &c., at pleasure, and which, surprisingly enough, retains the colour through its whole course, as though

dyed with it. This cascade has already been added to the sights of the Polytechnic; and we may be sure that next winter many audiences will be charmed with lectures on the whole subject. The illustrations cannot fail to be attractive.

From a return recently published, it appears that 331,000 persons visited Kew Gardens last year; and Sir William Hooker reports the museum to be in a flourishing state, with a good collection of fibrous plants, herbaria, and botanical works. Many new plants and rare trees have been added; more green-houses are wanted; and we are told that the Earl of Clarendon has, 'with no small trouble, introduced not only living plants of the Argan tree of Southern Morocco (celebrated for yielding fodder for cattle in the husks of the fruit, oil similar to olive-oil in the nuts, and a beautiful wood in its trunk), but he has imported the seeds also in the finest state for germination.' Some of these seeds have been sent to our colonies abroad, and to different countries, with a view to their propagation, and the cultivation and growth of so useful a tree. Kew thus maintains its character for utility as well as beauty, while, for the Londoner, it offers the most delightful recreation-ground within reach.

An architectural museum for artisans has been established in Parliament Street, the scheme of which takes in all departments of building science—Grecian and Gothic, decorative and domestic. With access to such an institution, working-men may acquire a knowledge of the theory as well as the practice of their art—no unimportant consideration while miserable erections rise up all over the land, a very scandal to architecture, in the true sense of the term. If we may give the promoters a hint, we would say: Let dwelling-houses in future be *built*, and not 'run up.'

ILLUSTRIOUS TRADESMEN.

The doctrines of Islamism teach that no man may be above his destiny; that every one may learn a vocation whereby he may earn his bread, if predestined to do so. A curious list is given in Maradja of the occupations of patriarchs, caliphs, and sultans, which commences with the first man. Adam tilled the ground; Noah was a carpenter; Abraham, a weaver; David made coats-of-mail; Solomon made baskets of the date-tree; the Caliph Omar manufactured skins; Othman sold tatables; Ali, the cousin of the Prophet, hired himself to a master for a salary. The Ottoman sovereigns did not think it beneath them to submit to this law, in imitation of so many eminent examples. Thus Mohammed II. sold flowers; Soliman the Great made slippers; Achmet I. made ebony cases and boxes; Achmet III. excelled in writing, and in emblazoning the canonical books; Selim II. printed muslins.—*Dean's Ottoman Empire.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.

For the last four years, considerable attention has been paid at the Museum of Natural History in Paris, to the cultivation of a plant coming from China, and known under the name of *Dioscorea Japonica*. This plant, says the writer of a paper sent to the Central Agricultural Society, may, by its size, weight, and hardy character, become exceedingly valuable in France, as it will serve as a substitute for the potato. Its tubercles, like those of the Jerusalem artichoke, resist in the open air the severest winter without sustaining any injury. Several specimens of these roots, of very large size, were presented in 1852 to the Society, one of which, of a cylindrical form, was three feet in length; another, presented in 1853, weighed three pounds; the former having been in the earth twenty months, and the latter sixteen. The flavour of this vegetable is more delicate than that of the potato.—*Galignani.*

Printed and Published by W. and E. CHAMBERS, 3 Bride's Passage, Fleet Street, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.